

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

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## Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. G. POST.

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### CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Her father came out of his own gloomy mood at sight of his daughter's sorrow, and made several attempts at asking with the object of raising her spirits again, in which he seemed to succeed admirably, for by the time they arose from the table she was even gay than usual.

On the morning, when the parting came, she broke down and cried as if her heart would break; but then Jennie cried a great deal also, as did Mrs. Parsons and Johnny. Even Mr. Parsons felt the tears stealing down his cheeks, and wiped them away with the back of his hand.

Erastus drew them to the landing and parted with them there. The ride had been an unusually silent one, all of them seemed absorbed in thought. He would kiss them both at parting. He would kiss them both at parting. He would kiss them both at parting.

And then the moral virtues, from which even a child should be free, were not always free, fluttered their wings and indulged in another little flight of fancy.

"The pretense of a return to school was only a blind," they said. "Lucy, your parents had found it necessary to send her home from a time, and her elder sister accompanied her as a nurse and to prevent any suspicion of the true cause of her going."

But now she would not object to his kissing her, as he had always done when she was going to leave them for any great length of time, and he would hold her close to his heart for a moment, if never again. But when they reached the landing the boat was on the point of swinging off, and there was no time even to shake hands, but only to hurry on board and wave their good-byes while the gang-plank was being raised and the boat was swinging round into the current.

Erastus stood upon the shore and watched them until they were lost to sight amidst the hundred other passengers, and then turned away with a feeling of relief, for the last of his happiness had gone out of his life forever.

As the girls were leaving the office of the steamer, where they had gone immediately to secure their state-rooms, a gentleman among the passengers raised his hat in salutation.

"I wonder," he said, "if I can be of any service that will in part repay your family for the kindness shown in keeping three gentlemen over night one time last spring?"

"Why, Mr. Ensign, is it you? I supposed you had forgotten all about us long ago, since you never came to see us," said Jennie, feeling that any one whom they had ever met before was a friend worth remembering.

"Have you been at the mines all the time?" Mr. Ensign said. He didn't know what had become of you."

"So Mr. Ensign has improved his chance, introduction to the Parsons family," said Jennie, feeling that any one whom they had ever met before was a friend worth remembering.

"Well, I can't say I blame him. May be I would have done it myself if I had had the leisure he has had."

Then aloud: "Mr. Ensign has not felt any special interest in my whereabouts, I suppose. I have been at Gravel Hill ever since I was at your father's cottage, and if I have not called, it is owing, perhaps, to my not having so much leisure time on my hands as Mr. Ensign has had."

"Besides," he added, looking straight at Jennie, "I had no reason to suppose that I should be made welcome, if I were to come as a friend instead of a weary traveler craving a night's lodging."

Jennie could find no words in which to reply to this, and Lucy had not spoken at all, except barely to show that she recognized Mr. Ensign as one whom she had met before. As they were turning away to seek their state-room Ensign interposed.

"At least," he said, "now that we have met by accident, let us become better acquainted. I am going to San Francisco to run an engine in one of the mills there; you, I suppose, are returning to school. May I not join you when you come upon deck again? Perhaps I can be of some service to you upon our arrival at the city."

"You may help us get our luggage carried up when we get there, if you will," replied Jennie, "and we will be much obliged to you; and we are coming up on deck pretty soon, ain't we, Lucy?" And you can tell us all about things at the mine."

"They appear to be greatly interested in things at the mine," muttered Ensign, as he turned away; "wonder if that fellow, Ensign, is going to make love to one of them—and which one? I believe I should not like it if it should prove to be Jennie he is courting."

After arranging their toilets the young ladies came on deck. Lucy had been tempted to remain in their state-room and would have done so only that she fancied that Jennie was willing to get better acquainted with Mr. Ensign. That gentleman was waiting for their appearance and joined them the moment they came up the gangway, and was so jolly and full of the incidents of his life at the mines that even Lucy, half forgetting her troubles, laughed at his wit and finally joined in them.

And so the day which they had thought would be a lonely one was made very pleasant indeed, and when they arrived just before dark at the city docks, Ensign arranged for having their luggage sent up and then walked with them to their rooms, where he bade them good-night after having obtained permission to call at some future time. "Erastus he a splendid fellow!" said Jennie that night when they were talking over the adventures of the day in their own room.

"I am glad if you like him," replied Lucy.

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"Nonsense, you little goosey. Most likely he has a sweetheart already."

But Jennie blushed as she said it, and immediately got up and went waltzing about the room, humming a gay air, every few moments pausing to make some remark which showed that she was thinking of Ensign, and that her thoughts were pleasant ones.

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#### THE MINE.

Mr. Ensign's visit to their father's cottage ceased with the departure of Jennie and Lucy, and John Parsons was thus left without means of obtaining frequent or reliable information of the progress of work at the mines.

He was at the landing every day or two with produce for shipment, and ways inquired of such as he met if they had any news from Gravel Hill, but received no information of a positive character such as he had been accustomed to obtain from Mr. Ensign. He had, in fact, questioned that young gentleman so often and so minutely, that he felt as if he knew the mines, and all the details of the work of preparation for working them, as perfectly as if he had located them and superintended the labor of the men himself.

But now he only heard rumors, those of to-day being contradicted by those of to-morrow. Of late, too, he had frequently been answered impatiently, almost rudely, by those whom he was in the habit of questioning about the mine.

No one of any consequence in the affairs of the mining company themselves, and could see no reason for his solicitude, and were growing weary of his constant and persistent inquiries.

It was known, of course, that the son of one of the largest stockholders had been somewhat intimate with his daughter, and there were found gossips who intimated that "the old man's desire for information from the mines was really a desire for information of a certain kind."

And then the moral virtues, from which even a child should be free, were not always free, fluttered their wings and indulged in another little flight of fancy.

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### FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

#### The Quaint Ceremonies Which Formerly Obtained in Certain Country Places.

It is seldom that one hears nowadays of the observance of the quaint funeral customs which formerly existed in many an English country village, the old-world notions which gave rise to them having died out, owing, perhaps, to the introduction of railways and school boards. Thus in the north of England, only a few years ago, it was usual to carry "the dead with the sun" to the grave—a practice corresponding with the Highland usage of making "the deasil," or walking three times around a person according to the course of the sun. On one occasion, in the village of Seranton, near West Hartlepool, the Vicar was standing at the church-yard gate awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession, when, much to his surprise, the entire group, who had come within a few yards of him, suddenly turned back and marched around the church-yard wall, and thus traversing its west, north, and east boundaries. On inquiring the reason of this extraordinary procedure, one of the mourners quickly replied: "Why, we had no idea that the vicar was to go with the sun."

This is not unlike a Welsh custom mentioned by Pennant, who tells us that when a corpse was conveyed to the churchyard from any part of the country, the bearers would always should be carried the whole distance on the right-hand-side of the road. From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural districts to the burial of the dead in the churchyard, and the custom of carrying the corpse to the grave on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the churchyard. The origin of this practice is said to be due to the fact that the northern part was that which was appropriated to the interment of unbaptized infants, excommunicated persons, or such as had laid violent hands upon themselves. Hence it was regarded as a disgraceful thing to have a corpse buried in the churchyard, and the custom of carrying the corpse to the grave on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the churchyard, was introduced. This custom is still observed in some parts of the north of England, and is said to be a relic of the old belief that the dead would rise again on the north side of the church, and thus traverse its west, north, and east boundaries.

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